

Cavanagh,

The Great Conservation Novel

CHAPTER XX.

WITH THE AID OF THE PRESS.

LEE VIRGINIA was now living a romance stranger and more startling than any she had ever read. In imagination she was able to look back and down upon the Fork as if she had been carried into another world—a world that was at once primeval, yet peaceful; a world of dreaming trees, singing streams and silent peaks; a realm in which law and order reigned, maintained by one determined young man whose power was derived from the president himself. She felt safe—entirely safe—for just across the roaring mountain torrent the two intrepid guardians of the forest were encamped. One of them, it is true, came of Swedish parentage, and the other was a native of England, but they were both American in the high sense of being loyal to the federal will, and she trusted them more unquestioningly than any other men in all that west save only Iredfield. She had no doubt there were others equally loyal, equally to be trusted, but she did not know them.

She rose to a complete understanding of Cavanagh's love for "the high country" and his enthusiasm for the cause, a cause which was able to bring together the student from Yale and the graduates of Bergen and of Oxford and make them comrades in preserving the trees and streams of the mountain states against the encroachments of some of their own citizens, who were openly, short-sightedly and cynically bent upon destruction, spoliation and misuse.

She had listened to the talk of the forester and the supervisor, and she had learned from them that Cavanagh was sure of swift advancement now that he had shown his courage and his skill, and the thought that he might leave the state to take charge of another forest brought her some uneasiness, for she and Lize had planned to go to Sulphur City. She had consented to this because it still left to her the possibility of occasionally seeing or hearing from Cavanagh. But the thought that he might go away altogether took some of the music out of the sound of the stream and made the future vaguely sad.

For the next two days Cavanagh slept but little, for his patient grew steadily worse. As the flame of his fever mounted, Wetherford pleaded for air. The ranger threw open the doors, admitting freely the cool, sweet mountain wind. "He might as well die of a draft as smother," was his thought, and by the use of cold cloths he tried to allay the itching and the pain.

With the coming of the third night Wetherford was unconscious and unrecognizable to any one who had known him in the days of "the free range." He was going as the wild west was going, discredited, ulcerated, poisoned, incapable of rebirth, yet carrying something fine to his grave. He had acted the part of a brave man; that shall be said of him. He had gone to the rescue of the poor Basque instinctively, with the same reckless disregard of consequences to himself which marked his character when as a cow boss on the range he had set aside the most difficult tasks for his own rope or gun. His regard for the ranger into whose care he was now about to commit his wife and daughter persisted in spite of his suffering. In him was his hope, his stay. Once again, in a lucid moment, he reverted to the promise which he had drawn from Cavanagh.

"If I go you must take care—of my girl—take care of Lize too. Promise me that. Do you promise?" he insisted.

"I promise—on honor," Ross repeated, and, with a faint pressure of his hand (so slender and weak), Wetherford sank away into the drowse which deepened hour by hour, broken now and then by convulsions, which wrung the stern heart of the ranger till his hands trembled for pity.

The day was well advanced when the sound of rattling pebbles on the hill back of his cabin drew his attention, and a few moments later a man on a weary horse rode up to his door and dropped heavily from the saddle. He was a small, dark individual, with spectacles, plainly of the city.

"Beware! Smallpox!" called Ross as his visitor drew near the door.

The newcomer waived his hand contemptuously. "I've had it. Are you Ross Cavanagh?"

"I am."

"My name is Hartley. I represent the Denver Roundup. I'm interested in this sheep herder killing—merely as a reporter," he added, with a fleeting smile. "Did you know old man Dunn of Deer Creek had committed suicide?"

Cavanagh started and his face set. "No."

"They found him shot through the neck and dying—this morning. As he was gasping his last breath he said, 'The ranger knows,' and when they asked, 'What ranger?' he said, 'Cavanagh.' Just a poor old mounted hobo, a survival of the cowboy west," he said, "but he had the heart of a hero in him, and I'm doing my best to save him."

Cavanagh did not answer at once. He was like a man caught on a swing-bridge, and his first instinct was to catch the swing to get his balance. "Wait a minute. What is it all to

Forest



WILL JONES

Again that peculiar grin lighted the small man's dark, unwholesome face. "It's a fine detective stunt, and, besides, it means \$20 per column and maybe a 'boost.' I can't wait; you can't wait. It's up to us to strike now. If these men knew you have their names they'd like for Texas or the high seas. Come now! Everybody tells me you're one of these idealistic highbrow rangers who care more for the future of the west than most natural born westerners. What's your plan? If you'll yoke up with me we'll run these devils into the earth and win great fame and you'll be doing the whole country a service."

The ranger studied the small figure before him with penetrating gaze. There was deliberate fearlessness in the stranger's face and eyes, and, notwithstanding his calm, almost languid movement, restless energy could be detected in his voice.

"What is your plan?" the ranger asked.

"Get ourselves deputized by the court and jump these men before they realize that there's anything doing. They count the whole country on their side, but they're mistaken. They've outdone themselves this time, and a tremendous reaction has set in. Everybody knows you've held an even hand over these warring Piets and Scots, and the court will be glad to deputize you to bring them to justice. The old sheriff is paralyzed. Everybody knows that the assassins are prominent cattle ranchers, and yet no one dares move. It's up to you fellows, who represent law and order, to act quick."

Cavanagh followed him with complete comprehension, and a desire to carry out the plan seized upon him.

"I'd do it if I could," he said, "but it happens I am nursing a sick man. I am perhaps already exposed to the same disease. I can't leave here for a week or more. It would not be right for me to expose others."

"Don't worry about that. Take a hot bath, fumigate your clothing, shave your head, I'll fix you up, and I'll get some one to take your place." Catching sight of Swenson and Lize on the bridge, he asked: "Who are those people? Can't they take your nursing job?"

"No," answered Cavanagh bluntly. "It's no use. I can't join you in this, at least not now."

"But you'll give me the names which Dunn gave you?"

"No; I can't do that. I shall tell the supervisor, and he can act as he sees fit. For the present I'm locked up here."

The other man looked the disappointment he felt. "I'm sorry you don't feel like opening up. You know



"I'VE HAD IT."

perfectly well that nothing will ever be done about this thing unless the press insists upon it. It's up to you and me (me representing the conscience of the east)—here he winked an eye—"and you federal authority) to do what we can to bring these men to their punishment. Better reconsider. I'm speaking now as a citizen as well as a reporter."

There was much truth in what he said, but Cavanagh refused to go further in the matter until he had consulted with Redfield.

"Very well," replied Hartley. "That's settled. By the way, who is your patient?"

Eloquently, concisely, Ross told the story. "Just a poor old mounted hobo, a survival of the cowboy west," he said, "but he had the heart of a hero in him, and I'm doing my best to save him."

"Keep him in the dark—that's the latest theory—or under a red light. White light brings out the ulcers." "He hates darkness. That's one rea-

Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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son why I've opened the doors and windows."

"All wrong. According to Flinsen, he wouldn't pit in the dark. However, it doesn't matter on a cowboy. You've a great story yourself. There's a fine situation here, which I'll play up if you don't object."

Cavanagh smiled. "Would my objection have any weight?"

The reporter laughed. "Not much. I've got to carry back some sort of game. Well, so long. I must hit the trail over the hill."

Cavanagh made civil answer and returned to his patient more than half convinced that Hartley was right. The "power of the press" might prove to be a very real force in this pursuit.

As the journalist was about to mount his horse he discovered Lee Virginia on the other side of the creek. "Hello," said he. "I wonder what this pretty maiden means." And, dropping his bridle rein again, he walked down to the bridge.

Swenson interposed his tall figure. "What do you want?" he asked bluntly. "You don't want to get too close. You've been talking to the ranger."

Hartley studied him coolly. "Are you a ranger too?"

"No, only a guard."

"Why are you leaving Cavanagh to play it alone in there?"

Lee explained. "He won't let any of us come near him."

"Quite right," retorted Hartley promptly. "They say smallpox has lost its terrors, but when you're eight hours' hard trail from a doctor or a hospital it's still what I'd call a formidable enemy. However, Cavanagh's immune, so he says."

"We don't know that," Lee said, and her hands came together in a spasm of fear. "Are you a doctor?"

"No; I'm only a newspaper man, but I've had a lot of experience with plagues of all sorts—had the yellow fever in Porto Rico and the typhoid in South Africa; that's why I'm out here ricocheting over the hills. But who are you, may I ask? You look like the rose of Sharon."

"My name is Lee Wetherford," she answered, with childish directness, for there was something compelling in the man's voice and eyes. "And this is my mother." She indicated Lize, who was approaching.

"You are not out here for your health," he stated, rather thoughtfully. "How happens it you're here?"

"I was born here—in the Fork."

His face remained expressionless. "I don't believe it. Can such maidens come out of Roaring Fork? No! But I don't mean that. What are you doing up here in this wilderness?"

Lize took a part in the conversation. "Another inspector?" she asked as she lumbered up.

"That's me," he replied—"Sherlock Holmes, Vidocq, all rolled into one." "My mother," again volunteered Lee.

Hartley's eyes expressed incredulity, but he did not put his feelings into words, for he perceived in Lize a type with which he was entirely familiar—one to be handled with care. "What are you two women doing here? Are you related to one of these rangers?"

Lize resented this. "You're asking a good many questions, Mr. Man."

"That's my trade," was the unabashed reply, "and I'm not so old but that I can rise to a romantic situation." Thereupon he dropped all direct interrogation and with an air of candor told the story of his mission. Lize, entirely sympathetic, invited him to lunch, and he was soon in possession of their story, even to the tender relationship between Lee Virginia and the plague besieged forest ranger.

"We're not so mightily disinterested," he said, referring to his paper. "The Roundup represents the new west in part, but to us the new west means opportunity to loot water sites and pile up unearned increment. Oh, yes, we're on the side of the fruit and alfalfa grower, because it pays. If the boss of my paper happened to be in the sheep business, as Senator Blank White is, we would sing a different tune, or if I were a congressman representing a district of cattlemen I'd be very slow about helping to build up any system that would make me pay for my grass. As it is, I'm commissioned to make it hot for the ranchers that killed those dagoes, and I'm going to do it. If this country had a man like Cavanagh for sheriff we'd have the murderers in two days. He knows who the butchers are, and I'd like his help. But he's nailed down here, and there's no hope of his getting away. A few men like him could civilize this country."

Thereupon he drew from three pairs of lips a statement of the kind of man Ross Cavanagh was, but most significant of all were the few words of the girl, to whom this man of the pad and pencil was a magician, capable of exalting her hero and of advancing light and civilization by the mere motion of his hand. She liked him and grew more and more willing to communicate, and he, perceiving in her something unusual, lingered on, questioning. Then he rose. "I must be going," he said to Lee. "You've given me a lovely afternoon."

Lee Virginia was all too ignorant of the ways of reporters to resent his note taking, and she accepted his hand, believing him to be a sincere

admirer of her ranger. "What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I'm going back to Sulphur to spread the report of Cavanagh's quarantine." Again that meaning smile. "I don't want any other newspaper men mixed up in my game. I'm Lonesome Ned in stunts like this, and I hope if they do come up you'll be judiciously silent. Goodby."

Continued next week

Flurry in Michigan.

Bay City, Mich., July 25.—For five minutes last night a snow flurry occurred several miles southeast of here, the only snow ever recorded during July in this part of the state. A gale from the southwest lowered the river to such an extent that the traction and electric lighting plants were deprived of water for their boilers. Street car power and lighting current was off nearly an hour.

A King Who Left Home

set the world to talking, but Paul Mathulka, of Buffalo, N. Y., says he always KEEPS AT HOME the King of all Laxatives—Dr. King's New Life Pills—and that they're a blessing to all his family. Cure constipation, headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Only 25 cents at J. H. Orme's and Haynes & Taylor's, Marion, Ky.

Snow at Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fort Wayne, Ind., July 25.—It's true, for hundreds of Fort Wayne citizens vouch for it. This city had a snow flurry on the 24th of July. It came in the afternoon as the climax of a severe but short rainstorm, in which the thermometer dropped from 68 degrees to 51 degrees.

Accused of Stealing.

E. E. Chamberlain, of Clinton, Me., boldly accused Bucklen's Arnica Salve of stealing—the sting from burns or scalds—the pain from sores of all kinds—the distress from boils or piles. "It robs cuts, corns, bruises, sprains, and injuries of their terror," he says, "as a healing remedy its equal don't exist." Only 25c at J. H. Orme's and Haynes and Taylor's.

Snow in Ohio.

Findlay, O., July 25.—All July weather records were broken here late last night by a fall of snow which lasted several minutes.

All Skin Diseases

Yield readily to treatment with Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve. We guarantee it. 25 cents a box. Sold everywhere.

Over Niagara in Steel Barrell.

Niagara Falls, July 25.—In an eleven-foot steel barrell, Bobby Leach, aged 49, made a successful trip over Horseshoe Falls. He was battered and bruised in the drop of 158 feet but tonight is up and about his house.

Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor, Niagara Falls, is the only other person who ever went over and survived, going over October 24, 1901.

Attack Like Tigers.

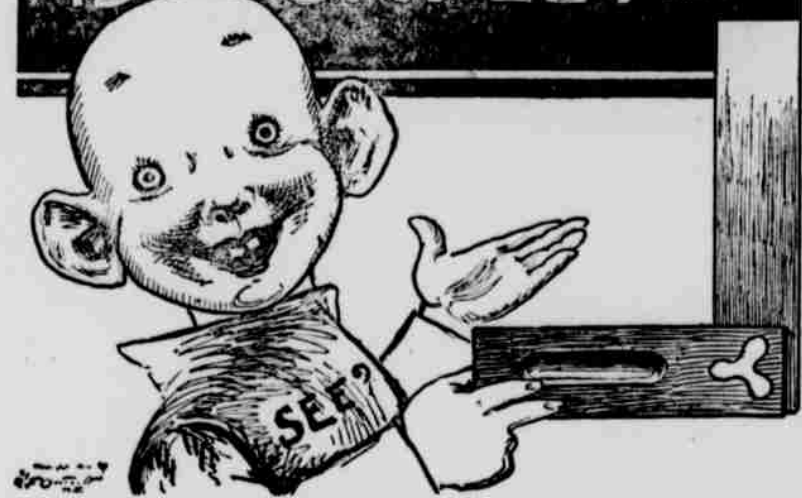
In fighting to keep the blood pure the white corpuscles attack disease germs like tigers. But often germs multiply so fast the little fighters are overcome. Then see pimples, boils, eczema, salt rheum and sores multiply, strength and appetite fail. This condition demands Electric Bitters to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to expel poisons from the blood. "They are the best blood purifier," writes C. T. Budahn, of Tracy, Calif., "I have ever found." The make rich, red blood, strong nerver and build up your health. Try them. 50 cents at J. H. Orme's and Haynes & Taylor's.

Starts on Long Voyage.

New York, July 26.—At the age of 73 years, James B. Hammond, the millionaire typewriter inventor and manufacturer, has set sail for a trip around the world in his new 95-foot gasoline yacht, Lounger II, on which Mr. Hammond says he expects to spend the remainder of his life. As he has made up his mind to live 100 years he has 27 years of cruising in prospect.

The Lounger II is a luxurious yacht, a refrigerator plant for

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cooling the cabins in summer and a special cock-pit for carrying an automobile being among its unusual features. Mr. Hammond says before he is through with his cruise he expects to have touched about every port in the world.

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Come in and hear
Them Played.
LEVI COOK.

Tempest Rages With Fury.

Thousand Island Park, New York, July 25.—Several lives are believed to have been lost and thousands of dollars' worth of

property destroyed by the worst wind storm in the history of this section, which has swept over the St. Lawrence river since 11 o'clock last night.

A gale of seventy miles an hour was blowing today and there was no indication that it would abate. A score of boats are missing and their occupants are believed to have been drowned.

The water has risen two feet in the river. Great seas are dashing over the islands, keeping the dwellers on them prisoners. Navigation of the river is practically impossible.

Fugitive From Kentucky Caught.

After evading arrest for over a year, Rice Head, aged 52, 214½ lower Fifth street, was located yesterday by Detectives Heeger and Wilson. Head is wanted at Providence, Ky., on the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. He attacked and shot another white man. Head has been working for the Evansville Furniture company. He will be held here until the arrival of the sheriff from Providence.

ROOF PAINTS



YOU ought to realize by this time that it is more important to paint the roof than any other part of the building.

Not only does it add just as much to the appearance, but the roof is exposed to the weather more than any other part. In addition to this, the roof has more to do with the protection of the building and contents than all the other parts.

Our roof paints penetrate the wood and make it impervious to moisture, thus the roof not only lasts a great deal longer but affords much better protection while it does last.

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